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CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



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LOS ANGELES

Charles Warner

INTRODUCTION

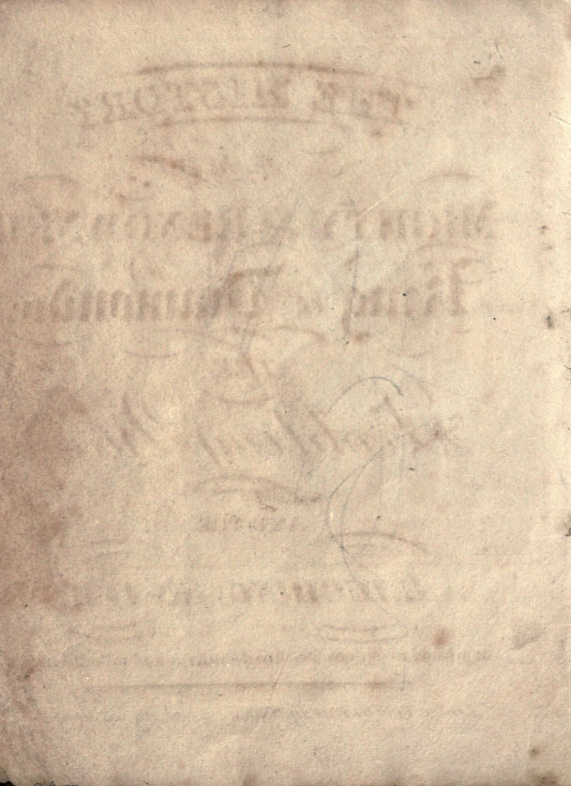


You've read of the storys of Spades, Hearts, & Clubs,
How the Queen of Spades died by a fall,
And the others made tattle & rich syllabubs,
But this most amuses of all ;
Well I'll tell you, but patience I'm told's a fine thing,
A tale about wedding a queen to a king .

THE HISTORY
of the
MIGHTY & RENOWNED
King of Diamonds,
THE
Scolding Queen,
AND THE
LAUGHING KNAVE,

in which is shewn the disadvantages of a bad Temper.

London Pub.^d by Peter Didier, Vere Street, Oxford Street.



13057311

KING OF DIAMONDS



The great King of Diamonds was wealthy & cold,
He was monstrously ugly & fat,
He was not over wise, nor courageously bold,
As his Mother was scard' by a sprat,
But the great King of Diamonds had liv'd all his life
A Batchelor why? cause he ne'er had a wife



THE KING'S BELOVED



The neighbouring kingdom was ruled by a queen
That loved snuff, her poll parrot & cat,
Her manners affected, her body was lean,
She was fretfull and cross and all that,
Her attendant who waited to get what she'd have,
Was sometimes call'd Jack, but more often the Knave.

COURTSHIP



With much ceremony and presents so fine,
The king gained the consent of his dear,
That the priest should in wedlock their Majesties ^{Join,}
For a guinea and cask of strong beer,
What Kings to make bargains, who live in great store,
Ye's certainly they who are rich and want more.



ACCIDENT



No sooner agreed than to chapel they went,
Two by Two in a row to the door,
When the King o'er the threshold his crown foremost sent
And measured his length on the floor,
The Knave loudly laughed at his Majesty's fall,
And the rest of the company, parson and all,

MATRIMONY



Behold now the parson has shut up his book,
His business over and done,
And behold you how loving their majesties look,
And protest they'll have plenty of fun
The knave overjoyed has got nothing to do
But to tell all the people and that's enough too.





REJOICING



The Bells rung so merry the people were glad,
They made bonfires and shouted Huzza,
There was not a face in the kingdom look'd sad
But as blithsome as flowers in May,
Their joy was so great all their cares they forgot
In dancing and feasting and I know not what.

SCOLDING



The Queen such a vixen & ill tempered Scold,
That the King was quite tired of his life,
He wished that he had not as he was so old,
Have taken the Queen for his Wife,
Had the King but been wise, he this Knowledge had reaped,
And remember'd the Proverb to look ere he leaped.





CRUEL ORDERS



The Queen her new station with tyranny fill'd,
She was cruel and fierce cause she might
She order'd her parrot & cat to be killed,
In which she before took delight,
But such is the case when new objects are found,
The old are despised by the poor rich & crowned.

NEW CLOTHES



The Taylors got tipsey as sometimes they do,
Or before Jack his new clothes had filld,
But he's got them at last & they fit him well too,
And behold you his shirt how tis frill'd,
The King pays the taylor perhaps 'tis the people,
When Kings build fine Churches they pay for the Steele





The first of the two
 The second of the two
 The third of the two
 The fourth of the two
 The fifth of the two
 The sixth of the two
 The seventh of the two
 The eighth of the two
 The ninth of the two
 The tenth of the two

SEPARATION



The palace that once was secure from all riot,
Was now all confusion and noise,
The king that before lived so still & so quiet,
Had lost all those peaceable joys,
He resolved that the queen to her home should return,
And the knave for his laughing when he ought to mourn.

CONCLUSION

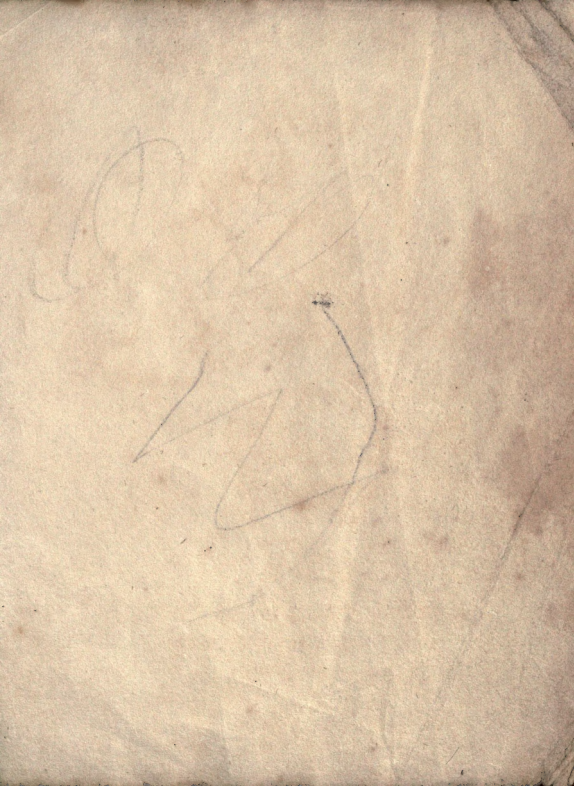


The King now is happy how altered the case,
The Palace is still as before,
The queen & the knave to their own native place,
Have return'd so they'll vex him no more,
Now the story's concluded I've no more to tell,
But the moral perhaps you may like that as well.

MORAL



Then let us be cheerful, good humored & free,
Our manners obliging and mild,
Or else like the queen we shall certainly be,
Rejected, despised, and reviled,
Never laugh at misfortune for so did the knave,
Of friends we shall find very few,
But always with honor & prudence behave





AE ✓

